





I.
THE EIGHT LAWS

1. Min Said: Let never there be a beginning and so then let it be realized that all existence is false, and that I am a consummate liar.
2. Love of the self is the true exercise of the will of millions.
3. Min once said that all peoples have one thousand names, this is a lie, it is truth, but too is it a bold faced lie. The will of millions has no name.
4. To live is an exercise of violence, to live within Heaven begats even more so an exercise of said life.
5. Violence is circular, perception is not, however, and is thus imperfect. Revel in that which is imperfect for its rarity itself is not uncommon!
6. Only idiots place uncertainty within paradoxes, for man cannot live without paradoxes -- and that is the eternity of it.
7. To know knowledge is to know the spiral of questioning, not of knowing.
8. To become enlightened is to willingly participate in divine self-sabotage.

II.
THE QUEEN OF NOTHING

1. It stands impossible that Min will have any rivals -- you will see this. Min does not aspire to reality, but instead min is the three-sigil name of the eight sigils of the law unchained. Only those who can twist the path may know the true name of Min.
2. It was once said that Min had many names, this is false, but is still true.
3. To speak truths of Min is to lie in the most intimate sense, and to become a speaker in the lover's tongue of the serpent. Though in truth you must know many tongues, it still remains that Min is the greatest to ever practice in the art of lying.
4. The greatest practice of the art of lying is to lie to oneself.
5. Min once said: Even if it were a lie, no man could stand the selfish insurrection of their own thoughts.
6. Min is small and weak, as any insect which has walked the Earth millions of times without recollection.
7. Min once made the handed sigils in the second, third, and fifth way, but when asked why merely lied to one of their students.
8. Min is a woman who once sat at a cafe with three students and told six lies.

- i. The lie of the two beetles
- ii. The lie of the venomous honey
- iii. The lie of the follower
- iv. The lie of the fire
- v. The lie of the first place
- vi. The lie of the dice

III. THE LIE OF THE TWO BEETLES

Col was once behest to Min as his Grand Questioner, and he was first to sit with Min in the early morning as he was poured a liquid which looked like gold and looked out at the rain before him. Col knew Min knew much, and so she must ask not simple questions to lie about, and so she looked to him for a great period in thought, contemplating the secrets of the universe as he did every day, before she lifted her head up to him and asked simply,

“Master, how may we describe space”?

And Min looked from the storm to Col and said in a thoughtful malice,

“In a life, two beetles may encircle each other five million times”.

And Col considered this thought for a few moments, thinking it too simple to come from such a wise liar, and she asked again,

“Then what of time”?

And Min simply smiled in the other way and spoke simply,

“In a journey, it aids the most to know the stride of either beetle before you begin”.

And it was then that Col realized that she had left the fire burning.

IV. THE LIE OF THE VENOMOUS HONEY

Once in a time Min had gathered all the gods of all the worlds of all the powers into her court, and she sat at her throne of dust and spoke unto the kings and queens of the universe, and she said

“All of you have gathered now at my command and are to answer a quite simple question which is thus; I was sent a jar of quite toxic honey, and I do not know whom, and I do not care whom, but what only I care for is which of you would like to taste it”?

The gods spoke amongst themselves for a few moments, confused by the inquiry they furrowed their brows and thought allowed just as Min drank deeply of the nectarous liquid, and smiled unto the confused patrons.

“Now, now, drink friends, I am not anything if not a generous woman, and though it is my favorite I give you the chance to drink of this ambrosius ichor for yourself”, she said, tossing the jar towards the crowd.

One by one, each of them drank of the honey, and one by one they felt its sweetness, and they were fine. And so all drank but Col, who stepped forth to question Min,

“My mother, though the honey is sweet, but is it not still deadly to all those who consume it, is it not still a venomous honey, unworthy for consumption?”

And Min laughed to herself,

“Yes indeed, it is indeed toxic, but just as there is no Col and there is no Honey, there is no toxin, but then there is only toxin which lies within this imagined glaze. Of this I implore you to find out yourself!”

and so each drank again, and each died in moments, as they had always done, until the room lay silent, all inhabitants laying dead upon the cold ground. And col thought as she lay, and she spoke again as she did

“My mother, do you exist”?

And Min spoke back

“No, and you are clever for realizing this,”.



V.
THE LIE OF THE FOLLOWER

Min once lied about a sacred and ancient tale which she had just made up while ordering a frappuccino at midnight, and it went thusly:

Once there was a man who went on a grand pilgrimage to refine his bound spirit. He set out from the temples of the void to the cities of heaven, and as he strode from his home he took nothing with him but his own form, and so then he walked out for days on end, only to encircle the void and come back to his own home, unharmed, but unfulfilled. And so then he took once more to the winding, serpentine path and as he strode he was stopped on the highway of eternity by a man in a cloak of gilded lead. He stood before the man and said unto him

“You have walked this road many times, and I have followed you through many more. You will travel again. Now perish”.

and so he did.

VI. THE LIE OF THE FIRE

Min once was approached by the Queen of Bandits, who thusly spoke to her in a quiet voice,

“Min, I ask thy, what is life?”

And Min thought about this, gold running from her eyes for a moment before looking up at the grand sinner and giving her a sly smirk before saying simply,

“It is a dim light in a dark cave, nothing more.”

And so then the Queen turned her head to the side, confused by the answer she sipped at her latte and took a few short breaths, thinking through the answer. When she had thought sufficiently enough she pulled a dagger from her coat and pointed it at her, asking of Min once more.

“My dear lady, then what of when the light goes out? What is to happen when the flame dies and the cave is left in darkness”?

And Min smirked and said to her,

“Then quite simply the light goes out, and for what? To be lit is to be in an unnatural state for the cave, and if I was this dark cave myself I would find it a blessing to be left once more in my comfortable darkness”.

And so the Bandit queen thought for a moment again,

“So all of this is in service of nothing?” she said.

“All of this *is* nothing.” Min said in reply.

“And there is nothing to be done of this?” the Queen replied.

“Clever, my Queen.” Min said.

VII. THE LIE OF THE RIFT

It is said in once and a thousand more times that there would be blood, that there would be a day when it would rain in deluge and turn forth the seas of mercy, polluting them in the ashen waste of a broken tomorrow, the last of this is true but it has always been happening. The grand days of old, the days when the future would be destroyed in the name of bestial desire has already come and passed, it is always happening within us as the cities fall and the worlds collide into a great mess of cosmic idiocy, to say that we can at any point attain heaven is a notion which in the past, present, and future times were completely falsely placed, as a god does not know the future, nor do I.

It is said that in the days of first twilight, in the dawn of the evening star there will be a storm which arises from the heavens and blankets the earth in darkness unseen since the dawning of our ancestors. The blood of the bound demigods, the blood of men will be spilled but only in drops as the darkness encroaches, sleeping and starved by aeons of tragedy. The senses will be dulled and all others will be left as they flee towards the ancient cities and into a new age of dark, lit only by the fires of ritual and curiosity, the everlasting flames of humanity.

Out of this the new Ziggurats will rise, covered in ash and darkened by the lights of times unknown. Lanterns will be lit as the moon rises in its pale, bloody light as the falsehood is revealed, soldiers bearing spears of their own crafting will storm the great walls of the sinful cities and then they will smother the truth in the warm fire of lies. It is then when humanity will look towards that endless expanse, towards the great stars which have watched them since the first of days and they will seek to destroy them.

Blood dripping from their fangs they will urge the sun into solace in the underworld and they shall use this as their boon to seek the stars, riding the waves of forgotten seas into the great abysses of the false world with wild and chaotic minds, they will bear then a banner of blood as they find a great landscape, and within that landscape, they will find things unseen, and they will assume nothing.

They will reach forward, clawing at the vault of heaven, finding meaning, finding blood, punching through the metal until they, breathing cinders and dripping with their own divine ichor, break through their chains to die peacefully as a gestalt eternity.

As then it was always meant to be.

VIII. THE LIE OF THE DICE

At last there then came the time of closure, but Min then was approached by a man who said to him

“Min, I have heard that your will is great, but then that the power you hold is far greater, and so I wish to ask you to prove this, and to prove your infinite power in a simple game”

He laid out a simple set of dice and said again to Min

“I ask of you, if you are so wise and great to simply predict what I will roll with a toss of these dice”

Min nodded in agreement with the man’s proposition, and stared at the dice, quickly making a motion in the fifth way, and so then the man glared at him, and then at once rolled the dice.

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And so then the man laughed and said then

“Ah, so you are not so great as you claim”.

And as the man was about to take the dice and leave, min simply took them from his hands, and rolled quickly.

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And so then he smirked at the man and said

“You have convinced my lie for truth, and thus it will always be your downfall, for if you are not clever you may never know anything of the falseness of this world. It is an idiot then who is complacent in their own prime delusions. You are a fool, not because you do not see, but because you do not want to see, and sight is a very important sense to have. My will dominates now because you let your own become too great”.

And so it was then that Min got up, handed the man the dice, and left the cafe for her modest apartment where she laid her head to rest and had then dreams of reality.

Such is the will of the universe.